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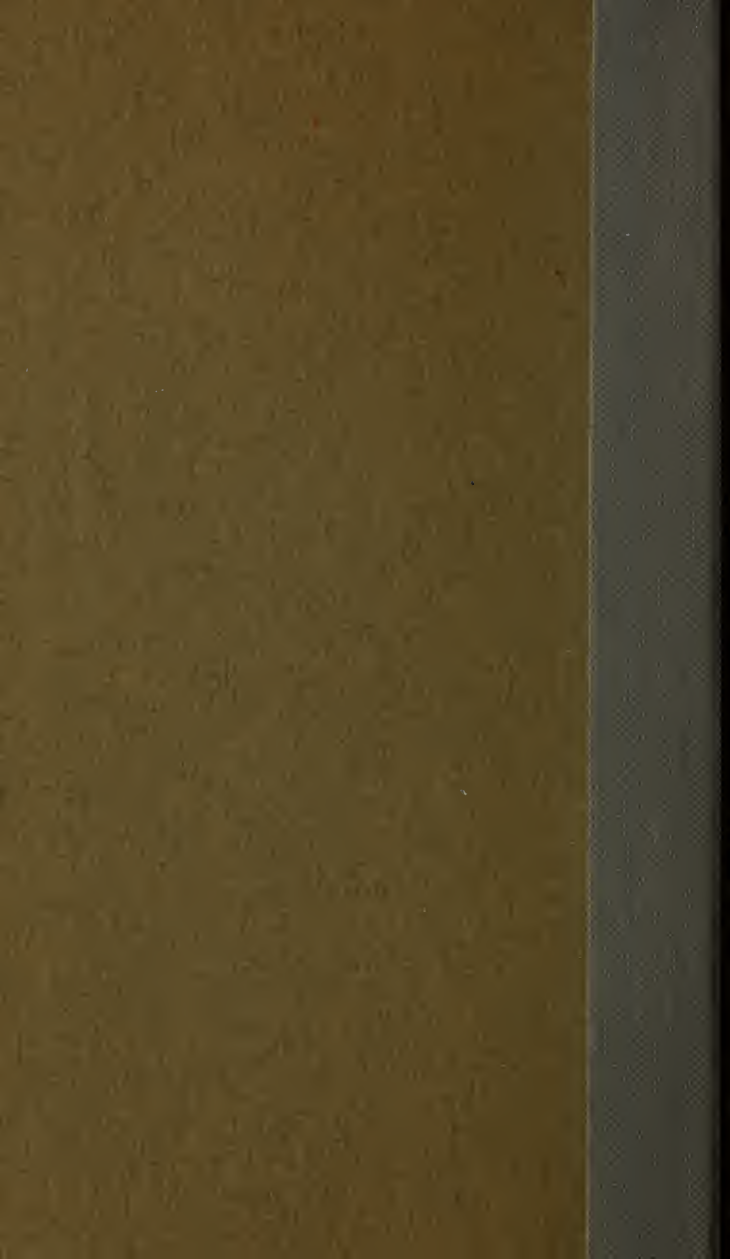
1830

Author _____

Title _____

Imprint _____

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BOMBASTES FURIOSO:

A Burlesque Tragic Opera.

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WILLIAM BARNES RHODES.

WITH

EIGHT DESIGNS

BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



LONDON:

THOMAS RODD, GREAT NEWPORT STREET; AND
T. GRIFFITHS, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND.

MDCCCXXX.

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Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row.

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WILLIAM BARNES RHODES, the Author of the following humorous and very popular piece, was second son of Richard and Mercy Rhodes, of Leeds, in which town he was born on Christmas day, 1772. He received a suitable education to qualify him for mercantile pursuits, and, after leaving school, was for some time employed as writer in an attorney's office. When about the age of twenty-seven, he obtained a situation in the Bank of England, in which his integrity and strict attention to business were so conspicuous, as to commend him strongly to the notice of the Governor, and finally led to his being appointed to the office of Chief Teller: the more honourable to both parties, inasmuch as Mr. Rhodes neither solicited nor expected it. As a still farther testimony of the sense entertained of his services, the Bank, after his death, which took place Nov. 1, 1826, granted an annuity to his widow.

Mr. Rhodes's private worth and cheerful and obliging disposition, endeared him highly to his friends; the loss sustained by them in his death, is still fresh in their memory, and will not soon be forgotten.

His taste for the Drama led him to form a collection of the works of the English dramatists, the most complete that has ever been brought together. It was disposed of by auction some time previous to his death, and an idea of its extent may be formed from the circumstance of its occupying ten days in selling.

As an Author, the natural turn of his mind to humour led him to the composition of several works of the lighter species of poetry: besides *Bombastes*, he has left behind him two other dramatic pieces, neither of which have been acted or printed. He also wrote a volume of Epigrams, published with his name, in 1803.

His own opinion of the merits of *Bombastes* was so modest, as to induce him to withhold it from publication, long after it had become an established favourite on the stage, nor would it probably have appeared at all, but that he felt it necessary to vindicate himself from the nonsense and errors circulated in the numerous piratical editions.

The mirth-inspiring pencil of Mr. **GEORGE CRUIKSHANK**, seconded by the talents of the Artists whose names grace the cuts, enable the Publishers to present once more for Public approbation **BOMBASTES FURIOSO**.

Dramatis Personæ, Costume and Stage Directions.

ARTAXOMINOUS, *King of Utopia*.—Full dress, court suit, powdered wig..... Mr. MATHEWS.

FUSBOS, *Minister of State*—The same..... Mr. TAYLOR.

GENERAL BOMBASTES—A general's military suit, Jack boots, comic powdered wig and pigtail, sword and sash, general's hat and plume.....Mr. LISTON.

Attendants or Courtiers—Full dress court suits.

Army—A long drummer, a short fifer and two (sometimes three) soldiers of different dimensions, all dressed in caricature.

DISTAFFINA—Coloured chintz gown open in front, crimson calimanco petticoat, white muslin apron, mob-cap, white muslin handkerchief.....Mrs. LISTON.

R. means *Right*.—*L.* *Left*.—*C.* *Centre*.

Time of representation forty minutes.

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Palace.*

ARTAXOMINOUS *in his Chair of State; a Table set out with Bowls, Glasses, Pipes, &c.; Attendants on each side.*

TRIO.—*Tekeli.*

1st ATT. What will your Majesty please to wear?
Or blue, green, red, black, white, or brown?

2d ATT. D'ye choose to look at the bill of fare?

ARTAX. Get out of my sight, or I'll knock you down.

2d ATT. Here is soup, fish, or goose, or duck, or fowl, or pigeons, pig, or hare;

1st ATT. Or blue, or green, or red, or black, or white, or brown.

What will your Majesty, &c.

ARTAX. Get out of my sight, &c.

[*Exeunt Attendants. R. & L.*

L. Enter FUSBOS, and kneels to the King.

FUS. Hail, Artaxominous! ycleped the Great!
I come, an humble pillar of thy state,
Pregnant with news—but ere that news I tell,
First let me hope your Majesty is well.

ART. Rise, learned Fusbos! rise, my friend, and know

We are but middling—that is, but *so so*.

FUS. Only *so so!* O monstrous, doleful thing!
Is it the mulligrubs affects the king?
Or, dropping poisons in the cup of joy,
Do the blue devils your repose annoy?

ART. Nor mulligrubs, nor devils blue, are here,
But yet we feel ourself a little *queer*.

FUS. Yes, I perceive it in that vacant eye,
The vest unbutton'd, and the wig awry :
So sickly cats neglect their fur-attire,
And sit and mope beside the kitchen fire.

ART. Last night, when undisturb'd by state affairs,
Moist'ning our clay, and puffing off our cares,
Oft the replenish'd goblet did we drain,
And drank and smok'd, and smok'd and drank again ;
Such was the case, our very actions such,
Until at length we got a drop too much.

FUS. So when some donkey on the Blackheath
road
Falls, overpower'd, beneath his sandy load ;
The driver's curse unheeded swells the air,
Since none can carry more than they can bear.

ART. The sapient Doctor Muggins came in haste,
Who suits his physic to his patients' taste ;
He, knowing well on what our heart is set,
Hath just prescrib'd " to take a morning whet ;"
The very sight each sick'ning pain subdues,
Then sit, my Fusbos, sit and tell thy news.

FUS. (*sits L. of table*) Gen'ral Bombastes, whose
resistless force
Alone exceeds by far a brewer's horse,
Returns victorious, bringing mines of wealth !

ART. Does he, by jingo? then we'll drink his
health. [*Drum and fife. R.*



For which we make you Duke of Strombello.

Fus. But hark ! with loud acclaim, the fife and drum

Announce your army near ; behold, they come !

[*Drum and fife beat again. R.*

R. Enter BOMBASTES, attended by one Drummer, one Fifer, and two Soldiers, all very materially differing in size.

BOM. (*to Army*) Meet me this ev'ning at the Barley-Mow ;

I'll bring your pay, you see I'm busy now :

Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row.

[*Exeunt Soldiers. R.*

(*to the King*) Thrash'd are your foes—this watch and silken string,

Worn by their chief, I as a trophy bring ;

I knock'd him down, then snatch'd it from his fob ;

“ Watch, watch,” he cried, when I had done the job :

“ My watch is gone,” says he—says I “ Just so ;

“ Stop where you are—watches were made to go.”

ART. For which we make you Duke of Strombelo.

[*BOMBASTES kneels ; the King dubs him with a pipe, and then presents the bowl.*

From our own bowl here drink, my soldier true ;

And if you'd like to take a whiff or two,

He whose brave arm hath made our foes to crouch,

Shall have a pipe from this our royal pouch.

BOM. (*rises*) Honours so great have all my toils repaid !

My Liege, and Fusbos, here's “ Success to trade.”

Fus. Well said, Bombastes ! since thy mighty blows

Have given a quietus to our foes,

Now shall our farmers gather in their crops,

And busy tradesmen mind their crowded shops ;

The deadly havock of war's hatchet cease ;
Now shall we smoke the *calumet* of peace.

ART. I shall smoke short-cut, you smoke what
you please.

BOM. Whate'er your Majesty shall deign to name,
Short cut or *long*, to me is all the same.

BOM. & } In *short*, so *long* as we your favours
FUS. } claim,

Short cut or *long*, to us is all the same.

ART. Thanks, gen'rous friends ! now list whilst I
impart

How firm you're lock'd and bolted in my heart :
So long as *this here* pouch a pipe contains,
Or a full glass in *that there* bowl remains,
To you an equal portion shall belong ;
This do I swear, and now—let's have a song.

FUS. My Liege shall be obey'd.

[*advances and attempts to sing.*

BOM. Fusbos, give place,
You know you haven't got a singing face ;
Here, nature smiling, gave the winning grace.

SONG.—*Hope told a flatt'ring Tale.*

1. Hope told a flattering tale,
Much longer than my arm,
That love and pots of ale
In peace would keep me warm :
The flatt'rer is not gone,
She visits number one :
In love I'm monstrous deep,
Love ! odsbobs, destroys my sleep.
2. Hope told a flattering tale,
Lest love should soon grow cool ;
A tub thrown to a whale,
To make the fish a fool :

Should Distaffina frown,
 Then love's gone out of town;
 And when love's dream is o'er,
 Then we wake and dream no more. [*Exit. L.*

[*The King evinces strong emotions during the song, and at the conclusion starts up.*

FUS. What ails my Liege? ah! why that look so sad?

ART. (*coming forward*) I am in love! I scorch, I freeze, I'm mad!

O tell me, Fusbos, first and best of friends,
 You, who have wisdom at your fingers' ends,
 Shall it be so, or shall it not be so?

Shall I my Griskinissa's charms forego,
 Compel her to give up the regal chair,
 And place the rosy Distaffina there!

In such a case, what course can I pursue?

I love my Queen, and Distaffina too.

FUS. And would a King his General supplant?

I can't advise, upon my soul I can't.

ART. So when two feasts, whereat there's nought
 to pay,

Fall unpropitious on the self-same day,
 The anxious Cit each invitation views,
 And ponders which to take or which refuse:
 From *this* or *that* to keep away is loth,
 And sighs to think he cannot dine at both. [*Exit. L.*

FUS. So when some school-boy, on a rainy day
 Finds all his playmates will no longer stay,
 He takes the hint himself—and walks away.

[*Exit. R.*

Nor head with a mitre,
 Nor Belcher the fighter
 Can find out a brighter

Than my pretty maid.

But words are mere play-things,
 Neat trim holiday-things,
 They cannot half say things

Enough for my love. Fal de ral, &c.

She's young and she's tender,
 She's tall and she's slender,
 As straight as a fender

From the top to the toe.

Eyes like stars glittering,
 Mouth always tittering,
 Fingers to fit a ring

Ne'er were made so.

Her head like a holly-bow'r,
 Cheeks like a cauliflower
 Nose like a jolly tower

By the sea-side.

Then haste, O ye days and nights,
 That I may taste delights,
 And with church holy rites

Make her my bride. Fal de ral, &c. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Inside of a Cottage.*

Enter DISTAFFINA.

DIS. This morn, as sleeping in my bed I lay,
 I dreamt (and morning dreams come true, they say),
 I dreamt a cunning man my fortune told,
 And soon the pots and pans were turned to gold!

Then I resolv'd to cut a mighty dash ;
 But, lo ! ere I could turn them into cash,
 Another cunning man my heart betray'd,
 Stole all away, and left my debts unpaid.

[*Enter Artaxominous. L.*

And pray, sir who are you I'd wish to know ?

ART. Perfection's self ! O smooth that angry brow !
 For love of thee I've wander'd thro' the town,
 And here have come to offer half a crown.

DIS. Fellow ! your paltry offer I despise ;
 The great Bombastes' love alone I prize.

ART. He's but a Gen'ral—damsel, I'm a King ;

DIS. O Sir ! that makes it quite another thing.

ART. And think not, maiden, I could e'er design
 A sum so trifling for such charms as thine.
 No ! the half crown that ting'd thy cheeks with red,
 And bade fierce anger o'er thy beauties spread,
 Was meant that thou should'st share my throne and
 bed.

DIS. (*aside*) My dream is out, and I shall soon
 behold

The pots and pans all turn to shining gold.

ART. (*puts his hat down to kneel on*) Here on my
 knees (those knees which ne'er till now
 To man or maid in suppliance bent) I vow
 Still to remain, till you my hopes fulfil,
 Fixt as the Monument on Fish-street hill.

DIS. (*kneels*) And thus I swear, as I bestow my
 hand,
 As long as e'er the Monument shall stand,
 So long I'm your's——

ART. Are then my wishes crown'd ?

DIS. La ! Sir, I'd not say no for twenty pound :

Let silly maids for love their favours yield,
Rich ones for me—a king against the field.

SONG.—*Paddy's Wedding.*

Queen Dido at
Her palace gate
Sat darning of her stocking O ;
She sung and drew
The worsted through,
Whilst her foot was the cradle rocking O.
(For a babe she had
By a soldier lad,
Though hist'ry passes it over O ;)
“ You tell tale brat,
“ I've been a flat,
“ Your daddy has proved a rover O.
“ What a fool was I
“ To be cozen'd by
“ A fellow without a penny O ;
“ When rich ones came,
“ And ask'd the same,
“ For I'd offers from never so many O.
“ But I'll darn my hose,
“ Look out for beaus,
“ And quickly get a new lover O ;
“ Then come, lads, come,
“ Love beats the drum,
“ And a fig for Æneas the rover O.”

ART. So Orpheus sung of old, or poets lie,
And as the Brutes were charm'd, e'en so am I.
Rosy-cheek'd maid, henceforth my only queen,
Full soon shalt thou in royal robes be seen ;

And through my realm I'll issue this decree,
 None shall appear of taller growth than thee :
 Painters no other face pourtray—each sign
 O'er alehouse hung shall change its head for thine.
 Poets shall cancel their unpublish'd lays,
 And none presume to write but in thy praise.

[*Distaffina produces a bottle and glass. R.*

DIS. And may I then, without offending, crave
 My love to taste of this, the best I have ?

ART. Were it the vilest liquor upon earth,
 Thy touch would render it of matchless worth ;
 Dear shall the gift be held that comes from you ;
 Best proof of love, (*drinks*) 'tis full proof Hodges
 too :

Through all my veins I feel a genial glow,
 It fires my soul——

BOM. (*within. L.*) Ho, Distaffina, ho !

ART. Heard you that voice ?

DIS. O yes, 'tis what's his name,
 The General ; send him packing as he came.

ART. And is it he ? and doth he hither come ?
 Ah me ! my guilty conscience strikes me dumb :
 Where shall I go ? say, whither shall I fly ?
 Hide me, oh hide me, from his injur'd eye !

DIS. Why, sure you're not alarm'd at such a thing !
 He's but a General, and you're a King.

[*Artax. secretes himself in a closet. R. in flat.*

L. Enter BOMBASTES.

BOM. Lov'd Distaffina ! now by my scars I vow,
 Scars got—I haven't time to tell you how ;
 By all the risks my fearless heart hath run,
 Risks of all shapes from bludgeon, sword, and gun,
 Steel traps, the patrol, bailiff shrewd, and dun ;



Why help your silly brains, that's not a hat.

By the great bunch of laurels on my brow,
 Ne'er did thy charms exceed their present glow !
 O let me greet thee with a loving kiss—

[*sees the hat.*

Hell and the devil !—say who's hat is this ?

DIS. Why help your silly brains, that's not a hat.

BOM. No hat ?

DIS. Suppose it is, why what of that ?

A hat can do no harm without a head !

BOM. Whoe'er it fits, this hour I doom him dead ;
 Alive from hence the caitiff shall not stir—

[*discovers the King.*

Your most obedient, humble servant, sir.

ART. O General, O !—

BOM. My much-loved master, O !

What means all this ?

ART. Indeed I hardly know——

DIS. (*R.*) You hardly know !—a very pretty joke,
 If kingly promises so soon are broke !

Arn't I to be a Queen, and dress so fine ?

ART. (*L.*) I do repent me of the foul design ;
 To thee my brave Bombastes I restore
 Pure Distaffina, and will never more
 Through lane or street with lawless passion rove,
 But give to Griskinissa all my love.

BOM. (*C.*) No, no, I'll love no more ; let him
 who can

Fancy the maid who fancies ev'ry man.
 In some lone place I'll find a gloomy cave,
 There my own hands shall dig a spacious grave,
 Then all unseen I'll lay me down and die,
 Since woman's constancy is——all my eye.

TRIO.—*O Lady Fair!*

DIS. O cruel man! where are you going?
Sad are my wants, my rent is owing.

BOM. I go, I go, all comfort scorning;
Some death I'll die before the morning.

DIS. Heigh O, Heigh O! sad is that warning:
O do not die before the morning!

ART. I'll follow him, all danger scorning;
He shall not die before the morning.

BOM. I go, I go, &c.

DIS. Heigh O, Heigh O! &c.

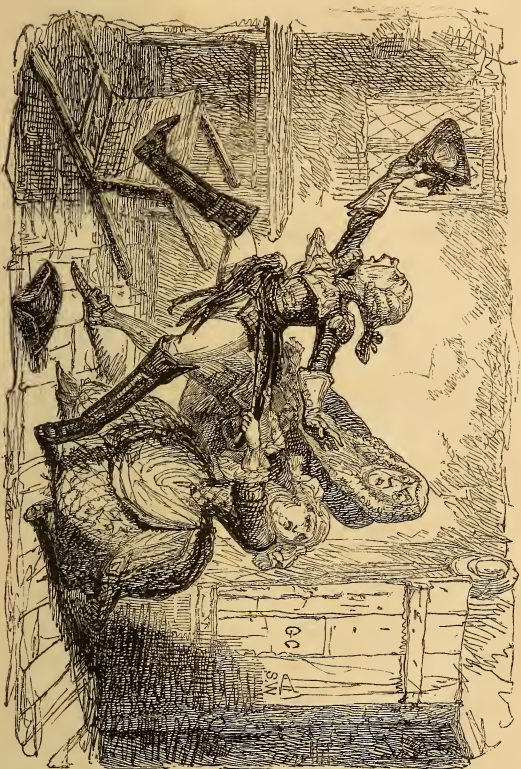
ART. I'll follow him, &c.

[*Exeunt. L.*

SCENE IV.—*A Wood.*

Enter FUSBOS.

Fus. This day is big with fate: just as I set
My foot across the threshold, lo! I met
A man whose squint terrific struck my view;
Another came, and, lo! he squinted too:
And ere I'd reach'd the corner of the street,
Some ten short paces, 'twas my lot to meet
A third who squinted more—a fourth, and he
Squinted more vilely than the other three.
Such omens met the eye when Cæsar fell,
But caution'd him in vain; and who can tell
Whether those awful notices of fate
Are meant for Kings, or Ministers of State?
For rich or poor, old, young, or short or tall,
The wrestler Love trips up the heels of all.



Some death I'll die before the morning.

SONG.—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

1. My lodging is in Leather-lane,
 A parlour that's next to the sky ;
 'Tis expos'd to the wind and the rain,
 But the wind and the rain I defy :
 Such love warms the coldest of spots,
 As I feel for Scrubinda the fair ;
 O she lives by the scouring of pots,
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury-square.
2. O was I a quart, pint, or gill,
 To be scrubb'd by her delicate hands,
 Let others possess what they will
 Of learning, and houses, and lands ;
 My parlour that's next to the sky
 I'd quit, her blest mansion to share ;
 So happy to live and to die
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury-square.
3. And O would this damsel be mine,
 No other provision I'd seek ;
 On a *look* I could breakfast and dine,
 And feast on a *smile* for a week.
 But, ah ! should she false-hearted prove,
 Suspended, I'll dangle in air ;
 A victim to delicate love,
 In Dyot-street, Bloomsbury-square. [*Exit. L.*

Enter BOMBASTES, preceded by a Fifer, playing*
" Michael Wiggins."

BOM. Gentle musician, let thy dulcet strain
 Proceed—play Michael Wiggins once again,—
 Music's the food of love ; give o'er, give o'er,
 For I must batten on that food no more. [*Exit Fifer.*

* The remainder of the part of Bombastes in this scene is
 sometimes performed in a morning-gown and slippers.

My happiness is chang'd to doleful dumps,
 Whilst, merry Michael, all thy cards were trumps.
 So, should some youth by fortune's blest decrees
 Possess at least a pound of Cheshire cheese,
 And bent some favour'd party to regale,
 Lay in a kilderkin, or so, of ale ;
 Lo ! angry fate, in one unlucky hour
 Some hungry rats may all the cheese devour,
 And the loud thunder turn the liquor sour.

[Forms his sash into a noose.]

Alas ! alack ! alack ! and well-a-day,
 That ever man should make himself away ;
 That ever man for woman false should die,
 As many have, and so, and so——wont I ;
 No, I'll go mad ! 'gainst all I'll vent my rage,
 And with this wicked wanton world a woful war I'll
 wage.

*[Hangs his boots to the arm of a tree, and, taking
 a scrap of paper, with a pencil writes the fol-
 lowing couplet, which he attaches to them, re-
 peating the words]*

“ Who dares this pair of boots displace,

“ Must meet Bombastes face to face.”

Thus do I challenge all the human race.

[Draws his sword, and retires up the stage.]

L. Enter ARTAXOMINOUS.

ART. Scorning my proffer'd hand he frowning fled,
 Curs'd the fair maid, and shook his angry head.

[Perceives the boots and label.]

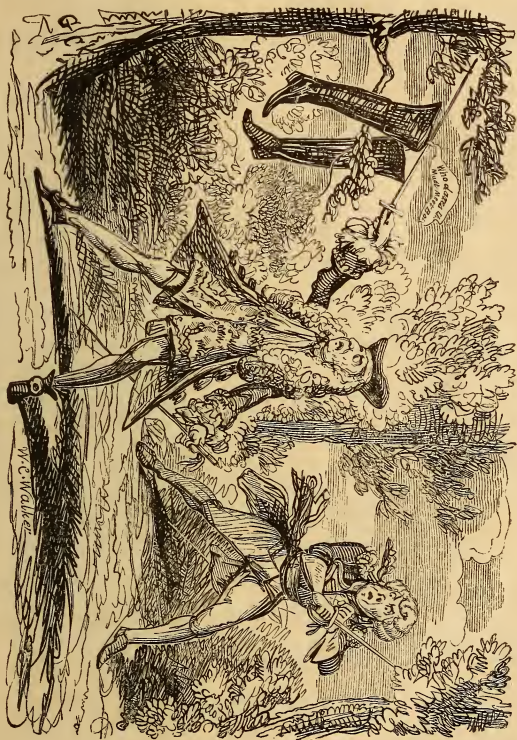
“ Who dare this pair of boots displace,

“ Must meet Bombastes face to face.”

Ha ! dost thou dare me, vile obnoxious elf ;

I'll make thy threats as *bootless* as thyself :

I'll make thy threats as bootless as thyself.



Where'er thou art, with speed prepare to go
Where I shall send thee—to the shades below !

[Knocks down the boots.]

BOM. (*coming forward*) So have I heard on Afric's
burning shore,

A hungry lion give a grievous roar ;
The grievous roar echo'd along the shore.

ART. So have I heard on Afric's burning shore
Another lion give a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore.

BOM. Am I then mock'd ? Now by my fame I swear
You shall soon have it—There ! *[They fight.]*

ART. Where ?

BOM. There and there.

ART. I have it sure enough—Oh ! I am slain,
I'd give a pot of beer to live again ;
Yet, ere I die, I something have to say :
My once lov'd Gen'ral, prithee come this way !
Oh ! Oh ! my Bom—— *[Falls on his back.]*

BOM. bastes he would have said :
But ere the word was out his breath was fled.
Well, peace be with him, his untimely doom
Shall thus be mark'd upon his costly tomb :—
“ Fate cropt him short—for be it understood,
“ He would have liv'd much longer—if he could.”
[Retires again up the stage.]

Enter FUSBOS.

FUS. This was the way they came, and much, I fear,
There's mischief in the wind—what have we here ?
King Artaxominous bereft of life !
Here'll be a pretty tale to tell his wife.

BOM. A pretty tale, but not for thee to tell,
For thou shalt quickly follow him to hell;
There say I sent thee, and I hope he's well.

FUS. No, thou thyself shalt thy own message bear;
Short is the journey, thou wilt soon be there.

[*They fight.*]

DUETT.—*Weippert's Fancy*.*

BOM. I'll quickly run you through,

FUS. No hang me if you do,

I think I know a trick can equal two of that;

My sword I well can use,

So mind your P's and Q's:

BOM. I thank you, Sir, but I must caution you of
that.

(*Lord Cathcart's Favourite*).

FUS. 'Tis a pleasure to fight

With a man so polite,

Then hear in return what I'll do, Sir;

I'll take down aught you'll say

In the will-making way,

And be your Executor too, Sir.

BOM. O, Sir, there's no need

For so friendly a deed,

But I hope for yourself you're provided;

Since your worldly affairs

Will devolve to your heirs,

As soon as the point is decided,

Then come on while you can,

Meet your fate like a man—

Bombastes shall ne'er be derided.

* This duet is sometimes omitted.



O Fusbos, Fusbos, I am diddled quite.

BOM. O Fusbos, Fusbos, I am diddled quite,
 Dark clouds come o'er my eyes, farewell, good night !
 Good night ! my mighty soul's inclin'd to roam,
 So make my compliments to all at home.

[Lies down by the King.]

FUS. And o'er thy grave a monument shall rise,
 Where heroes yet unborn shall feast their eyes ;
 And this short Epitaph that speaks thy fame,
 Shall also there immortalize my name :—
 “ Here lies Bombastes stout of heart and limb,
 “ Who conquer'd all but Fusbos—Fusbos him.”

L. Enter DISTAFFINA.

DIS. Ah, wretched maid ! O miserable fate !
 I've just arriv'd in time to be too late :
 What now shall hapless Distaffina do ?
 Curse on all morning dreams, they come so true.

FUS. Go, beauty, go, thou source of woe to man,
 And get another lover where you can :
 The crown now sits on Griskinissa's head ;
 To her I'll go——

DIS. But are you sure they're dead ?

FUS. Yes, dead as herrings—herrings that are red.

FINALE.

DIS.	Briny tears I'll shed,
ART.	I for joy shall cry too :
FUS.	Zounds ! the King's alive ;
BOM.	Yes, and so am I too.

DIS.	It was better far
ART.	Thus to check all sorrow ;
FUS.	But, if some folks please,
BOM.	We'll die again to-morrow.

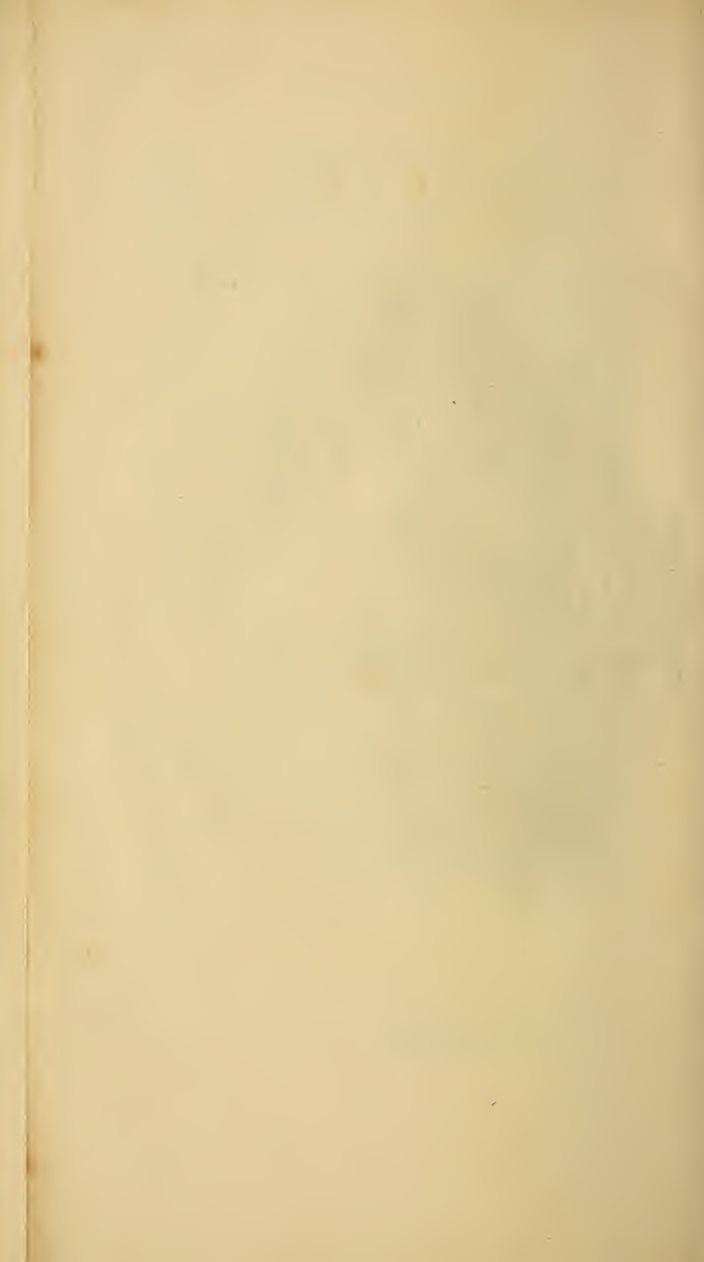
Dis.	Tu ral, lu ral, la,
Art.	Tu ral, lu ral, laddi;
Fus.	Tu ral, lu ral, la,
Bom.	Tu ral, lu ral, laddi.

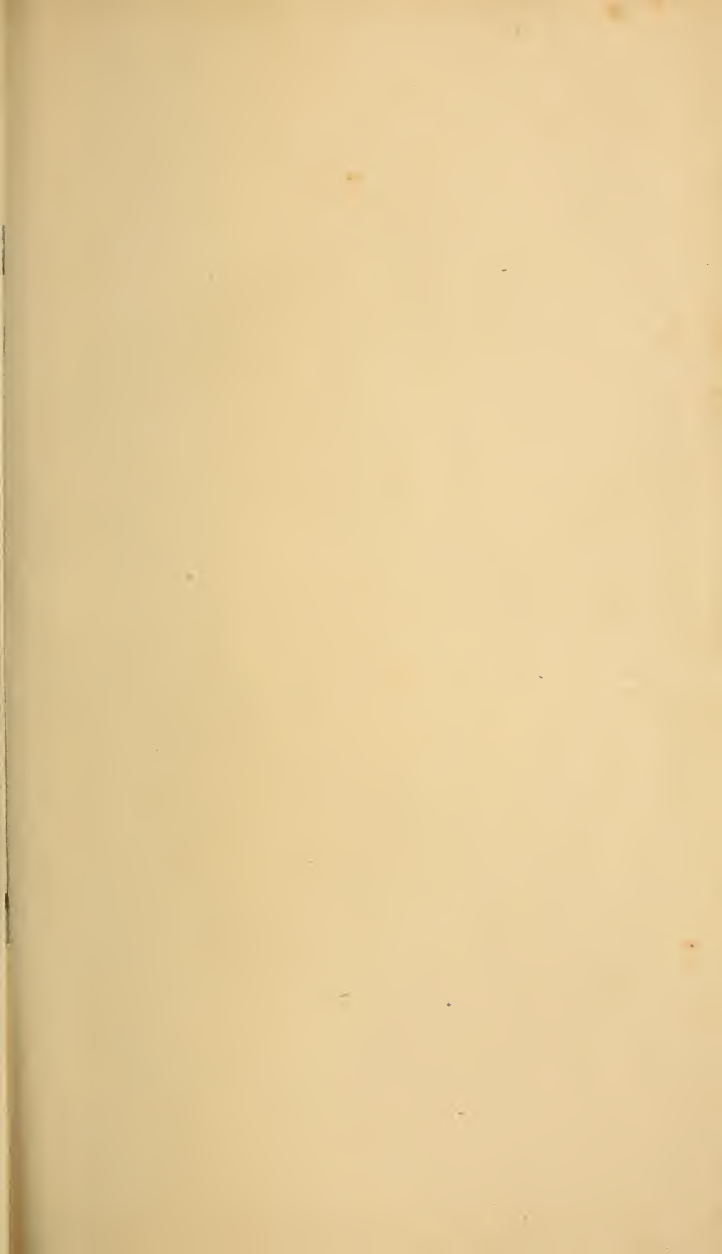
[*They take hands and dance round, repeating*

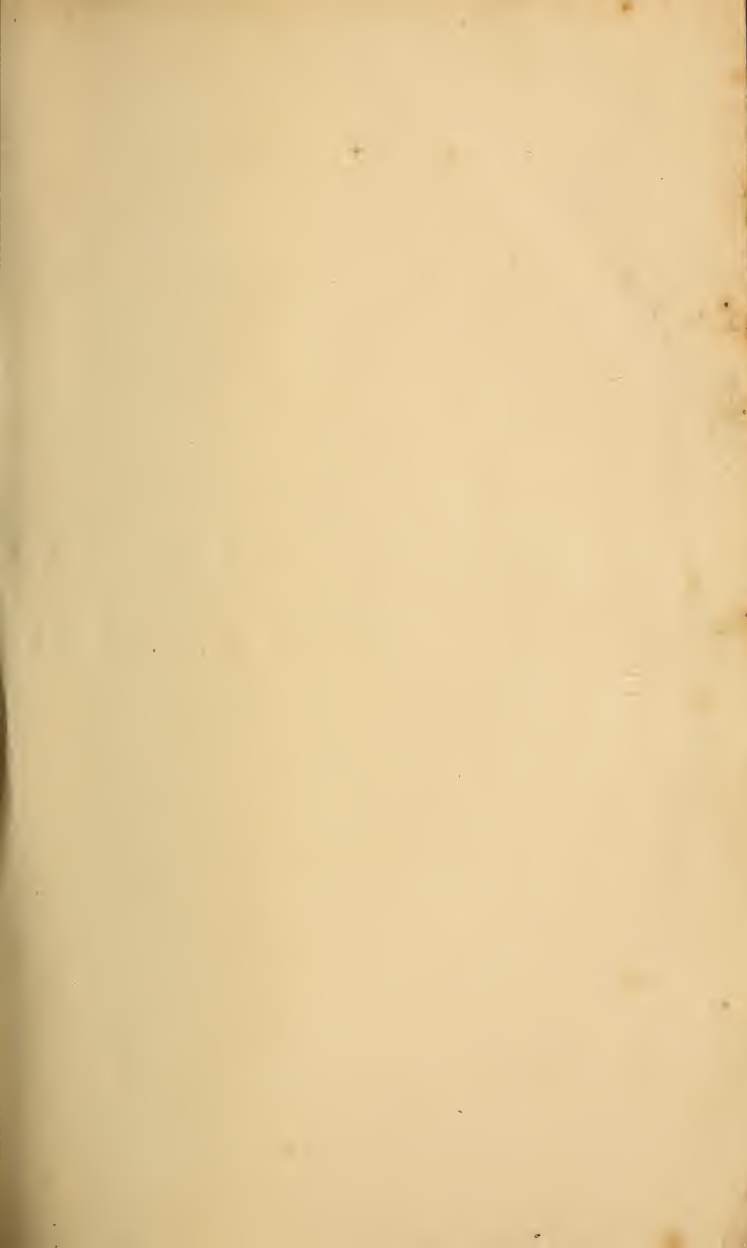
Tu ral, lu ral, la,
Tu ral, lu ral, laddi.



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IN THE PRESS.

TOM THUMB,

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

IN ACTIVE PREPARATION.

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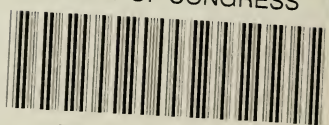
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